

This is So I Lied, from Debi and Marc Peters, 1814 Cameron Dr., Madison, WI 53711 (608)273-0983. Sub fee is \$.60/issue; there are no openings in regular Dip, but ornery cuss that I am, I'm still plugging Abstraction II. I've gotten a couple indications of interest, but still need another four or five players. I'm going to start calling in markers on this pretty soon, so any of you who owe me a favor from a past game, be warned. Uh, hello out there! Surely I must have done something nice for someone. Speaking of game openings, Mark Keller has indicated he would be willing to GM a Final Conflict game. As good as this variant is, and in a cheap a zine as Mark's is (\$.30/issue), you should check this out for an exciting change of pace. Well, that is certainly as much as you need to know about this rag, except that it's my fault this is late, not Debi's. (She always makes me write that, even when it's not true! Which is never.)

"Squeeeceek! Rasp!" (Pant, pant!) "Squuuuuueeeceek!" Don't mind that noise; that's just what a very heavy soapbox sounds like as it's dragged across the floor. Oh, look at that! Somebody must have left a soapbox here. Well, as long as...

It seems that congratulations are in order to Bob Olson for winning the Nixon Award. Yeah, well, not from ME, they ain't. This is a disgrace. I am bitterly disappointed by this absurd choice, which is decidedly akin to giving Reagan the Nobel Peace Prize. I don't care about all the other hobby polls and that kind of crap. The Runestone is a joke, as is the alternate poll. They're both so hopelessly distorted by hate they are less than worthless, despite any good intentions by the pollsters. Almost all of the other awards and polls are also of questionable worth at best. The Nixon Award was always different, at least for me. Who publishes the best zine, who is the best GM; all of this is superfluous to The Game--the rule book (read "Bible") has zip to say about publications. The Nixon Award is not only pertinent to the game, it is the very embodiment of the game. He who wins the Nixon is playing this god-damned game RIGHT!! The way this fantastic game is supposed to be played. The phrase "he's putty in my hands" should have been coined by Kathy Byrne. Only through a gross injustice was Mark Frueh not the first to say "Trust me!" with that--that--"Puppy" face. Each of the honored past had their own style: Al Pearson, who just plain looked so damn trustworthy you couldn't help yourself; Kathy Byrne, the Beguiling Baglady--ain't no others like her, that is certain; Mike Mazzer, who made a bloody career out of stabbing Bob Olson!; and Mark Frueh, for my money perhaps the best combination pbm/ftf player. There's been too much infighting between Mark and me for him to put the trance on me anymore, but I've seen plenty of others fall prey to the cobra. Sometimes you just WANT to believe him so bad!

All these people have at least one common ingredient: the killer instinct. (Uncle Al's is so good-natured, you can almost believe he doesn't have it. Don't kid yourself.) There are many other valuable and admirable traits in a player: an ally known for trustworthiness, a good communicator, intelligence, reasonableness, and hardly last, wit. Bob Olson has more than his share of all these attributes. But that's not what the Nixon is all about. The Nixon Award ought to go to the most bald-faced, gutsy, laugh-in-your-face liar during the last year. Bob wasn't that this year, and won't be the next.

This is not satire. While I'm not actually upset, nor angry, neither am I kidding about the above. It really is disappointing that those responsible for this decision did not think more about the criteria for this award. Bob deserves as many plaudits as anybody else, but he simply doesn't merit this award. I feel about it the same way I feel about Halloween. It used to be such a special, magical event. Now...



Mentioning Halloween always brings back wonderful memories. Halloween was my particular favorite holiday. For lots of kids it was the festive, present-receiving events, as much as I liked them (ain't no such animal as a kid who isn't greedy), Halloween was special holiday. All Saint's Eve. Christmas and the such are filled with fun fantasy and general gaiety. Halloween is one magic night filled with wild images from the dark and just enough suggestion of some vague sort of danger. It doesn't take long to find out there really isn't a Santa, an Easter bunny, or a good tooth fairy. The images, real and imagined, that flitter by on a dying, autumn Halloween night haunt us the rest of our lives.

I consider myself extremely lucky to have been able to experience Halloween as it should be experienced. This country was not always this sick. Trick-or-treating took place at NIGHT, when plastic and cloth costumes came alive with visions of mirth, oddity, and terror. People used to do things for Halloween, and I don't mean put razors in apples. In one town I lived in, two elderly ladies did a great job of dressing up as witches, scaring the socks off more than one kid when they answered the door, drooling over one tasty morsel standing on their front porch. Another guy set a huge Jack-O-Lantern on his front porch, put a walky-talky inside it, and hid in the basement. Ever see a tough, 3-foot tall pirate jump when a huge pumpkin with a wolfish grin snarls "Hey! Whatcha doin' here wai-ey!?!"? With the very young he'd be very friendly--many didn't want to leave. I must have hung around there for half an hour myself. In Yakima, Washington, as a six-year old, a devil dressed all in red, complete with horns, tail, and pitchfork, disappeared into a black Halloween night. He appeared much later, long enough only to dump a sackful of candy on the livingroom rug and head out, swallowed once again by the darkness. I walked down blocks I'd never seen before; I was gone three hours. This was more than twenty years ago. Can you imagine any parent now allowing a six year old to roam around for hours alone? Every generation treasures something lost, most likely forever, to all these younger. Mine is All Hallows Eve. Just about the time I got too old for trick-or-treating (and boy, I drag it out!) I started reading Ray Bradbury, who absolutely stunned me by putting words everything Halloween and October in general ever meant to me. As a teenager I continued to look forward to the last day in October. What a shame that such a fantastic event has been virtually destroyed by a few sickies. Not for me. Never. This year another pumpkin will be sacrificed to the gods of dark and light, and their faces will be carved yet again, to flicker crazily out windows and from porch railings. Maybe I'll even buy a walky-talky one of these days...

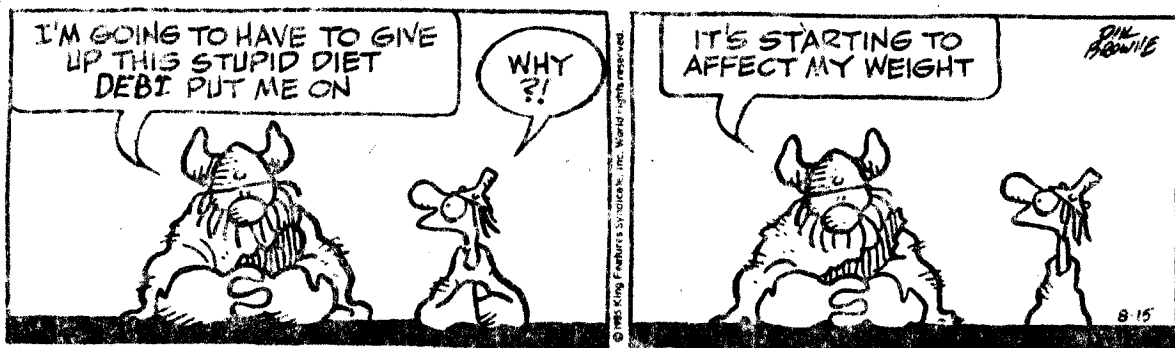
Now that Paul Rauterberg is about to become a full-fledged Madlad (details elsewhere within), his name will undoubtedly crop up more often in this zine. The following cartoon just happens to be a perfect example. I came across this beauty not long ago, and I had, over a period of a few months, played in three ftf games, each time Paul Germany to my Russia. In all three games he stabbed me--twice in one of the games. In the he got me good, in a second we eventually allied to share a three-way, and in the third made a questionable stab. As the Inspector of the Pink Panther series would say, I went into "a fit of fealous rage" and wiped him out just before dying myself. At any rate, this cartoon always makes me feel good.



THE VAN THAT DIP BOUGHT

Debi and I decided early in the year that we would both like to make PudgeCon this year. We also agreed that neither of us wanted to try it in our questionable Chevette. (Although if Barno can make it in the contraptions he drives, any car will do!) Debi and I knew we didn't want a small car, and were impressed with the Honda station wagon my father owns. So one July morning we started car-hunting. We started with the Honda dealer and discovered we could scratch that idea right away--five month minimum wait for delivery. Good God, that's a popular car! Later in the day we stopped at a Toyota dealer, and to make a long story short, we left with an '85 van. We took it primarily because we could get it in time for PudgeCon, at a good price, and we decided it was perfect for driving to Wichita and any con in general. Could this vehicle be the first ever purchased almost solely for use in persuing Diplomacy? It's a converted cargo van, which just means they carpeted the interior, installed two extra seats, added a couple of sun roofs and sliding windows all around, and threw in a stereo system. But boy, is it a lot easier cruising long distances now. Unfortunately, the clumsy arrangement of the extra seats makes it awkward to fit in more than four people. Nevertheless, we are enjoying the van immensely, and plan to tour with it. Perhaps ByrneCon this Thanksgiving?

During the last winter I managed to aquire a substantial spare tire around my waist; as a result, jokes and cartoons about being overweight seem to grab my attention more:



Included in this issue is an enclosure that Tom Swider asked me to insert. Tired of all the silly hobby polls and whatnot? Here's one that has absolutely nothing to do with Diplomacy at all. Sounds good to me; I've eaten my share of fast food, and Bakko can help me with the "skin magazine" part. Tom has Sept. 15 listed as the deadline, but that was before he knew I'd be so outrageously late with this issue. Tom will no doubt be happy to accept entries until October 1989. My failure to keep to a schedule must be very frustrating for Tom; the poor guy is probably reaching the cracking point, at which time ED may be yanked from these pages. Ah well, that's what an ECC'er gets for invading a MadLadzine to begin with. So send in your ballot to Tom--perhaps he'll feel better.

Oh, oh! More fat jokes:



FROM HERE TO PUDDGECON

Labor Day weekend started for the MadCity contingent about six p.m. Friday, when Bakko, James, Debi, and I set out for Wichita. The Road To PudgeCon is a perilous one, fraught with many dangers. There are endless pitfalls; innumerable greasy spoons where grungy cooks stand with greasy spatula in hand, grinning and daring you to "make my day!" by eating there; highway police just waiting to pick you out from among the several hundred speeders that zip past; the dreariness of the long night of driving; and even unexpected detours: we almost got stuck in Iowa when Dale was struck down with the dreaded Instant Lottery Fever; Bakko wanted to stop at every store that sold the tickets. Fortunately saner minds prevailed, and although James became similarly afflicted on our return through Iowa, we got out of that state only slightly poorer. Finally, shortly after daybreak Saturday morning, we rolled into Wichita.

We were concerned that seven o'clock was too early to arrive, since most of Bob's guests would be asleep after a long night. Hah! almost half were still up. A game of Titan was ending, and half a dozen others hadn't gone beddy-bye yet either. Debi and Dale were introduced to those who hadn't guessed their identities, and I met Ken Peel. Not surprisingly, a game of Dip ensued. Without going into details most would find boring, suffice it to say James and I created a first by actually working together to take a two-way, but not before we raised our voices in "debate", and came within millimeters of duking it out (on the board, of course). Just to make sure the weekend must have been a dream, James and I again later shared in a three-way, along with Bakko. After three years of Dip, these were our first games as allies. It was during this game that I undoubtedly made a life-long enemy of Dan Stafford, first by indulging in a very loud tirade against Randy Ellis, which Dan clearly found distasteful (Randy was playing a particularly less-than-honest game, even for him, and I was trying to show Randy the error of his ways), and secondly by stabbing poor Dan when he was being as good an ally as one could ask for. Wow, talk about ingratitude; even I felt guilty about that stab! Never one to argue with success (I was part of the draw, he wasn't), Dan was a pretty good sport after the game. If you're reading this, Dan, I truly owe you one. After participating in two draws, it was clear I was playing out of my head so I quit before my bubble burst. All in all, however, I believe eight games of Dip were played that weekend.

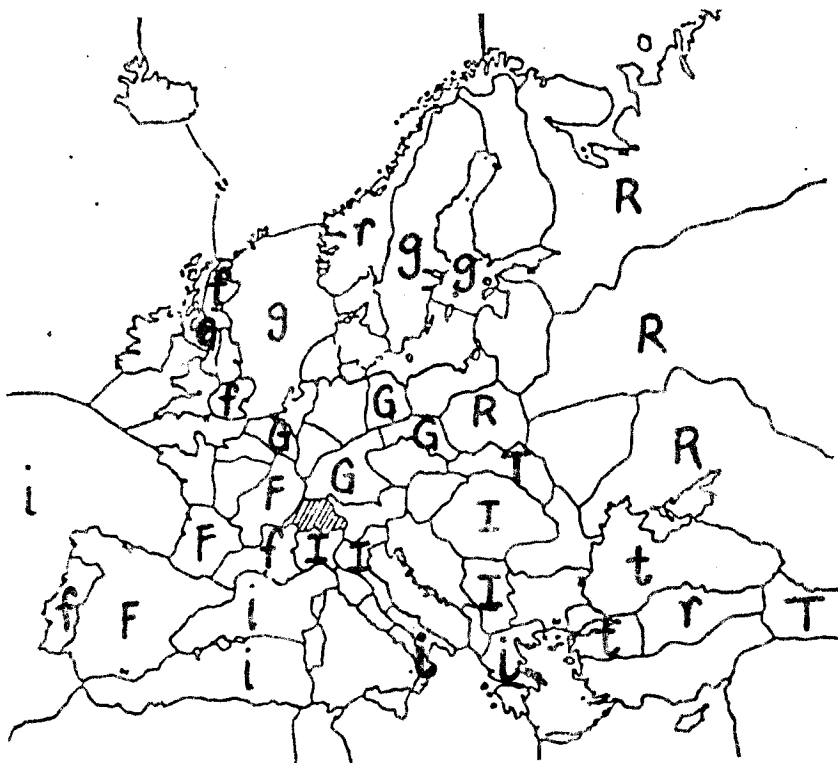
Dip was hardly the only attraction. PudgeCon was the first time I've seen two simultaneous games of KingMaker at a "small" con. At least one game of the Midwest Mob's favorite, the blood-thirsty Circus Maximus, was played; there was at least one other game of Titan; and Sunday afternoon was spent by many trying out a game called "Spies". As for myself, I must confess my Sunday afternoon was mostly spent absorbed with Bob's Atari system, specifically Atari's version of "Berserk". An embarrassing number of hours were spent slaughtering those devilish robots, who nevertheless always had the last laugh.

Perhaps the best part of the Con was what didn't happen. Virtually everyone there was either neutral or of the Linsey-bashing persuasion, but although I wasn't everywhere all the time, not once did the subject even come up. Perhaps, bless all that's holy, we are approaching the end of this silliness. Well, one can hope, eh? The second best part was the presentation of the Nixon Award. While being dead set against Bob receiving this award, it's hard to begrudge someone as nice as Bob anything, and I applauded with the rest as he claimed his trophy. However, I felt a quirk of vindication in my belief that the Nixon should have gone to a more deserving scum-sucker. You see, apparently the gods of treachery agree with me, because seconds after the presentation was made, the award itself viciously attacked Mike Mazzer, inflicting a wound upon his chin, from which he bled profusely. I felt certain that Mike would keel over dead within a matter of seconds---it would only be appropriate!--but alas, such irony was not to be. Ah well, little Amanda will just have to learn to live in constant fear of being sold to the Arabs.

Far too soon it was Monday morning, and time to leave. The debate between the Chicago and MadCity factions on whether to arise by 6:00 a.m. or leave later (guess who was the lazy slob?) was settled when Eric Ozog overslept. He was awoken by Debi, who managed to tip over Bob's wooden-plank-and-concrete-block bookshelf. Hearing the horrendous crash, I leapt to my feet and looked out the door of the closet in which we'd slept, only to break into gales of laughter. Julie and Dick Martin were sitting straight up in bed, thoroughly awoken, and Woody was standing, mouth agape, clutching his heart as if experiencing a massive coronary. I guess they're just not quick risers in the East.

As usual, PudgeCon was lots of fun. This year noone traveled longer to get to Wichita than the MadMob; it's worth every mile. See y'all next year!

FRANCE (Michael Quirk)	Retreats F Mid-Por. Builds F Mar.	
GERMANY (Ken Hager)	Builds A Ber.	
ITALY (Dale Bakken)	Builds A Ven, F Nap.	
RUSSIA (Matt Fleming)	Builds A Mos.	
TURKEY (David Pierce)	Retreats F Gre-otb. Removes A Rum.	GAME NOTES



Obviously, seasons were separated upon request. Deadline for Spring 1904 will be: 23 August 1985.

PRESS

ITALY-GERMANY: Yeah, so I got the Brewers again. Don't you feel a little guilty taking candy from a baby? I mean, chris-sakes, guy, do you always go for the sure thing? ((Only when it involves taking money off another chump's hands.))

FROM THE TAITLING TURK: The Sultan was recently seen running through the palace rubbing his rump and screaming "They both did it to me at the same time!" His many wives seemed confused by this behavior, but are rumored to be divided into two factions. One faction is reported to be secretly plotting to provide easy entry to the fully aroused and hardened Italian troops while the other is urging multiple means of stimulating intercourse with their extremely resourceful and well endowed Russian neighbors.

((Geez, Dave, by any chance do you make a few bucks on the side by submitting those letters that always appear in the Penthouse Forum letter column?!?))

BAKKO-MARC: Maybe I shouldn't have stabbed Dave after all. His pornographic press gives me goosebumps! ((Yeah, it's pretty good stuff, alright. Practice makes perfect...))

MOSCOW-CON: Sort of puts a new face on things, doesn't it? ((Dave seems to be more concerned with parts of the anatomy somewhat lower than the face!))

GER-GM: Sorry about never getting back to you about the possible Laker-Bucks bet. It's just as well for you anyway. ((No kidding. My heart is still broken. Oh well, there's still the Packers to root for!))

MOSCOW-ROME: Nothing like practicing up on Dave through the mail before we get to try it in person. ((Unfortunately, Dave made plans for MadCon falling on Memorial Day Weekend.))

POPE-SULTAN: A villa in Smyrna, heh? With hashish and harem girls? Hot diggity...I'm on my way. ((After your last moves, it'll be more like hemlock and eunuchs waiting for you...))

CON-ROME: God, that hurt! Next time use a little more lubrication.

CON-MOS: One can quickly lose his faith in diplomacy when his opponent lies to him and attacks him. Sometimes it seems the whole world is trying to emulate the traditional dependability of the Italians.

SWITZERLAND: Oh Dave, oh Dave, oh Dave! I wish I could help you but now I don't think I can. Unless Bakko spills his baked beans, of course.

CON-PAR: That's the last time I'll ask you to advise me on my relationships with my neighbors.

CON-BER: Well, you were right! I wish I had believed you.

BASEL: According to Time, these are the top selling books across Europe this month:

Austria---Ship of Fools	Kathrine Ann Porter
England---Gulliver's Travels	Johnathon Swift
France---A Rumor of War	Philip Caputo
Germany---Pooh Corner	A.A. Milne
Italy----The Conquest of Gaul	Julius Ceasar
Russia---Makers of Modern Strategy	E.M. Earle
Turkey---Rise and Fall of	Simon Emp

NON-AGGRESSION PACT BROKEN IN MED/CZAR UNDER FIRE-MOOVES/

AUSTRIA (Ken Katano, URH 148 Townsend Hall, 1010 W. Illinois St.,
Urbana, IL 61801) A Vie-Holds.
ENGLAND (Ron Spitzer, 761 N. Bundy Drive, Los Angeles, CA 90049)
F Kie-Den, F Ska S A Edi-Norway, F North C A Edi-Norway, A Bel-Hol,
F Norway-Bar, A Edi-Norway.
FRANCE (Dan Adams, 338 Blackacres Blvd., London, Ontario, Canada N6G 3C8)
A Hol-Kie, A Ruh-Mun, A Bur S A Ruh-Mun, A Gas-Mar, F Mar-G of Lyo,
F Spa(sc)-W Med.
GERMANY (Ken Hager, 14013 Old Harbor Ln., #306 Marina del Rey, CA 90291)
F Den-Bal, A Hun Holds, A Sil S A Mun.
ITALY (George Graessle, 326 Park Place, Irvington, NJ 07111)
F Alb-Ion, F Nap-Tyer, F Tun-W Med, A Tri-Bud, A Alb-Tri,
A Ven S A Alb-Tri.
RUSSIA (Newel Stephens, 370 E. 400 N. #B, Provo, UT 84601)
A War-Gal, A Ukr S F Rum, A Bud-S Ita A Tri-Ser(nso)(dis,ann),
F Rum S F Sev-Bla, F Sev-Bla, F Swe S Eng F Ska-Den (nso),
A St.F-Holds.
TURKEY (Pat Hart, P.O. Box 634, Sullivan's Island, SC 29432)
F Bla-Rum (dis, ret Ank, Arm, OTB), A Bul S F Bla-Rum, A Con-Smy,
F Aeg-Con, A Ser S Ita A Tri-Bud.
GM Dick Chatlosh, 1329 S Thompson Rd., Madison, WI 53715

GAME NOTES

Please note the COA for Ken Katano,
Newel Stephens, and MYSELF.

DEADLINE FOR FALL '03 is Sept. 26.

Since I withheld the press last
time, I'm printing all of it this
season. The press I received
before the separation is printed
first.

George Graessle is vacationing
in Europe and won't return
until September 20. I hear he's
going to improve his knowledge
of European geography. It's
just a coincidence that he will
be visiting Vienna and possibly
Marseilles.

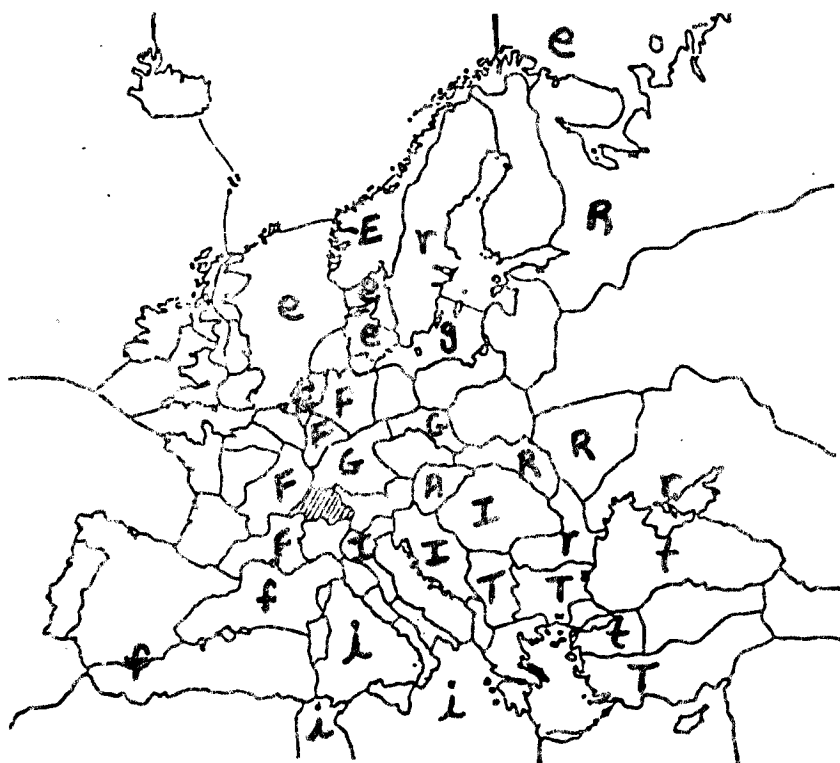
I hope to keep my same phone
number (608-222-3704) even though
I'm moving. I'll let you know
next issue if there is a change.
Call Marc (608-273-0983) if you
can't get me.

PRESS

MOS-LON: Your ambassador was well received, along with the computer
expert that you sent. We shouldn't be having any more computer
errors in the future. In gratitude for your help, we are sending a
few military advisors to London.

MOS-CON: We were appalled to hear of your cannibalistic practices,
and have ordered certain purely defensive moves to protect our troops
from being eaten.

NEWEL-GEORGE: My wife is already used to my Diplomacy habits. She
has been a gamer's girlfriend for about four years now. If it's not
Diplomacy, it's some other "strategy" game. Her strategy is to have
something else to do while the game goes on. Namely her sewing,



but unfortunately the rocking chair is occupied by another game.
NEWEL-GEORGE: A friend of mine once had a dream in which he died and went to heaven. When he got there, he noticed that all the Italian men were standing in two lines. One of the lines was very long, with thousands of men standing in it. A sign proclaimed it to be the line for men who were dominated by their wives. Another line for men who dominated their wives had only one man standing in it, so my friend went and asked him what he was doing there. He replied, "I don't know. My wife told me to stand here."
NEWEL-MARC: Enough press for you?
DATELINE PARIS: Well! I'm glad to hear so many are concerned about my health. But, please, bear with me, for I shall start to get my letters out near the end of August. A new house, a new baby, a new car; hell I've only been diving once this year and it's past the middle of July already. (Only once? What kind of diving? Not muf I hope. CM whose been hanging around Bakko too much.) Everyone will hear from me at least once.
CON-LON: Ruskies R Good Enough!
CON-PAR: How's it going?
CON-MOS: This is for not inviting me to the reception!
PAT-DEBI: "When have you seen me act the dumb blonde?" Aha! So you admit that you're a closet dumb blonde!
CON-GM: C'mon, you can tell us the real scoop.
GM: Actually, Deb is a brunette. She just dyes her hair blonde when she feels like acting dumb.
CON-VIE: Would you consider a flight via Air Lebanon?
CON-ROM: You don't have to worry, you can't get much lower than yourself.
CON-MUN: Adios.
LON-CON: English powdered bones do not make an aphrodisiac, they make an effective foot powder. When applied externally of course.
ENG-RUS: I hope the computer programers I sent over fixed your computers (remember Newel this is 1903).
LON-ROM: Sorry, have not heard from Nick since early June.
LON-ROM: No, I do not write the French moves, he writes mine.
ENG-RUS: I will keep my end.
ENG-GER: May we reopen direct diplomatic lines in my new office in Denmark.
LON-WORLD: The English government is studying the possibility of aid to the Austrian freedom fighters. A decision will be made in the next few months if the Austrian can show the foreign ministry a need for such aid. I am willing to receive Turkish, Russian, and Italian suggestions as to disposition of such aid.
ENG-RUS: OOPS! Computer error!
ENG-ITALY: I will keep the other end of the bargain.
ENG-FRANCE: It is a pleasure working with you.
ENG-RUS: I am willing to listen to reasonable proposals designed to end our Northern conflicts.
ENG-ITALY: Please do not cross game! As it is most unbecoming a player of your abilities.
DATELINE LONDON: The English government today attempted a major Spring offensive against Russian holdings in the Northern world. Careful planning was made as to not assault positions directly in the Spring, as to allow a reasonable period of time for some accomadation to come about.

THE SEVEN SISTERS

INSANITY DIPLOMACY!

SPRING 1903

GAME 1 ATLAS 1984 IE

VENICE UNDER SIEGE; GERMANS HEAD FOR WARMER CLIMES; ENGLISH QUITE INSISTANT OVER BELGIUM.
A (Wall) A Tyo-PIE, A Tri-TYO, A Alb-TRI, A BUL-Con, F AEG-Smy.
E (Knight) A Pic-BEL (F ENG S, F NTH S), F NWY-Swe.
F (Frueh) F Nao-MID (F BRE S), A Par-BUR (A MAR S), A Spa-GAS.
G (Rauterberg) F Bal-DEN (A SWE S), A Ber-KIE, A Mun-BOH, A Sil-GAL, A Bel-HOL, A Bur-MUN.
I (Scheifler) A VEN H (A APU S), F ION H (F TYH S).
R (Burgess) A Lvn-PRU, A UKR S GERMAN A Sil-Gal, A Arm-ANK (F BLA S), A War-SIL.
T (Crosby) F EAS-Smy, A SMY-Con, F Ank-Con(dis,arm), A Gre-SER.

Jim-Bob-Rauterberg: Uh, that's what you wanted, right?

Lessons from the Mentor to the Young Pup: "If you want to ream a neighbor tell him what he wants to hear, make circumstance screw his ass, and say--Gee, what a shame." Sorry, master Paul I can't trust your generous heart.

Jim-Bob-Knight: But where are you now?

GAME 2 ALCYONE 1984 IF

FRANCE SHOWN THE DOOR IN TUNIS, FINDS OWN BACK DOOR WIDE OPEN; RUSSIA GETS SAME IN RUM.
A (Knight) A Tri-VIE, A Ser-RUM (A BUD S), F AEG S TURKISH A Gre-Bul.
E (Frueh) F SKA-Swe, A Yor-WAL, F Lon-ENG (F NTH S).
F (Rauterberg) A Mar-PIE, A SPA-Tus (F LYO C), F Tun-Tyh(dis,r-Naf,Wes,otb), F Bre-MID, A Sil-BOH.
G (Scheifler) A Bel-PIC, A Mun-BUR, F Den-BAL, A Kie-DEN, A Ber-SIL, A Hol-RUH.
I (Burgess) A VEN-Tus, F Tyh-TUN (F ION S).
R (Crosby) F BUL(sc)-Con, A Rum-Bul(dis,r-Ukr,otb) (F BLA S), A SEV-Arm, A GAL-Rum, A WAR-Gal, A Stp-NWY, F SWE S GERMAN F Den-Ska.
T (Wall) A GRE-Bul, A ANK-Arm, F SMY-Con.

Mark-Lord: Is telling Rauterberg an untrue considered a lie or smart defensive move?

Boob's Confession: For a second there, I thought Turkey was in Rome...different game. Oh, the headaches!

Don-Paul: The thought of being sandwiched by your R/F just turned me off.

Game 3 ELECTRA 1984 IG

R/T STARTS TO REACH MONSTEROUS PROPORTIONS; ITALY LEARNS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A SANDWICH.
A (Frueh) A Vie S ITALIAN A Tri-Bud(nso)(dis,r-Boh,otb), A Ven-TUS.
E (Rauterberg) F NWG S F Nwy, F Nwy S GERMAN A Den-Swe(nso)(dis,r-Bar,Ska,otb), F EDI-Nth, F Nth-BEL.
F (Scheifler) A PIE-Tyo, F Mar-LYO (F WES S), A Bur-MAR, A Bel-BUR, A PIC S ENGLISH F Nth-Bel.
G (Burgess) A MUN-Tyo, F Kie-HEL, A Ber-KIE, F HOL-Nth, A DEN cries (H).
I (Crosby) A Ser-BUD (A TRI S), A Tun-ALB (F ION C), F THY-Lyo.
R (Wall) A Fin-NWY (F SWE S, F STP(nc) S), A Bud-VIE (A GAL S), A RUM-Bud, F SEV-Rum.
T (Knight) A Gre-SER (A BUL S), F Aeg-GRE, A Smy-AEG (F EAS S).

Mark-Don: A change of guards?

GAME 4 MAIA 1984 IH

FRANCE INVADES ENGLAND; RUSSIA HANGS TOUGH IN THE NORTH; FRUEH LIKENS SELF TO RUSNAK!
A (Rauterberg) A Tyo-VIE, A BOH-Gal (A SIL S).
E (Scheifler) A NWY-Swe (F SKA S), F BAR-Stp(nc), F NTH-Swe(imp).
F (Burgess) A Pic-WAL (F ENG C), A Par-PIC (A BUR S), A MAR S A Bur.
G (Crosby) A Kie-HOL, A Bur-Bel(nsu), A RUH S A Bur-Bel, A MUN-Sil, F DEN S ENGLISH F Ska-Den(nso), A Ber-PRU, A BEL U (H).
I (Wall) F Tyh-ION, F Ion-AEG, (F GRE S), A Ser-BUD, A Alb-TRI (A VEN S).
R (Knight) A STP S A Fin, F BOT-Swe (A FIN S), A Rum-GAL (A WAR S), F BUL(ec)-Bla.
T (Frueh) F SMY-Aeg, A CON-Bul, F ANK-Bla.

THE SEVEN SISTER (continued)

SPRING 1903

(MAIA PRESS)

France-England: You didn't even try to stop me! Is this simultaneous Gunboat or what? One would think you are taking cues from the GM, a gunboat player from way back. ((Thanks, Boob. Just for that, I want back those three letters I wrote you last month.))

Mark-Marc: It's called pulling a Rusnak. (Slow death.) ((Anytime you die is fine with me.))

GAME 5 MEROPE 1984 II

DUAL MONARCHY HAS DIFFICULTIES GETTING IT TOGETHER; CORNER NAVAL POWERS GEARING IT UP.

A (Scheifer) A Ven-Boh(nsu), A TYO S A Ven-Boh(imp), A GAL S A Vie-Boh(nso), A TRI-Ven,
F GRE-Ion, A BUL-Gre, A VIE U (H).
E (Burgess) F Nwy-STP(nc), A PIC-Par, F Lpl-NAO, F Eng-MID (F IRI S), F BRE-Cas.
F (Crosby) F POR-Mid, A MAR-Bur (A GAS S), A PAR-Bre.
G (Wall) A BUR S ENGLISH A Pic-Bre, A MUN S A Bur, A SIL S RUSSIAN A War(otm),
A LVN S RUSSIAN A Mos(otm), F Bal-BOT (F SWE S).
I (Knight) A VEN prays for mercy (H), A TUN-Nap (F TYH C), F EAS-Ion.
R (Frueh) A Mos-Lvn(dis,r-War,otb), F Bot S A Mos-Lvn(dis,r-Fin,otb), A War-PRU.
T (Rauterberg) F SMY-Eas, F Bla-CON, F ION-Nap, A Sev-MOS (A UKR S).

Don-James: All this negative rhetoric! Have you heard of self-fulfilling prophecies?

Puppy Press((MY designation!)): I know James--I'm an ingrate--I'll make up for it in Pleione.

GAME 6 PLEIONE 1984 II

ROADWORM PLEADS; THE EAST HEEDS; RUSSIA BLEEDS WHILE TURKEY FEEDS?

A (Burgess) A Bud-VIE, A Tri-TYO, A Rum-UKR, A GAL S RUSSIAN A Lvn-war.
E (Crosby) A STP-Lvn, A EDI-Stp (F NWG & F BAR C), F NTH H.
F (Wall) A Gas-MAR, A SPA-Tus (F LYO C), F Mid-NAF (F WES S).
G (Knight) A PRU-war (A SIL S), F BAL-Lvn, F SWE-Den, A KIE-Den, A Hol-BEL, A MUN S A Sil.
I (Frueh) A Pie-VEN, F ROM-Tus, F Ion-TYH (F TUN S), A Ser-TRI.
R (Rauterberg) A LVN-War, A MOS-Stp, F Bla-RUM.
T (Scheifler) F Aeg-ION, A Smy-ARM (F ANK S), A BUL S A GRE, A GRE S ITALIAN A Ser(otm).

Russia-A/I/T: Let's stand up and fight like real men!

Jim-Bob-Puppy: Come on, don't be a MoLad. Join the winning team!

Mark-Don: One "oops--I accidentally moved to the Ionian" will get you pain and regret--my pain and regret. ((Marc-Mark: "Oops..."))

GAME 7 TAYGETA 1984 IK

A REAL YAWNER; TURKISH ARMY IN BULGARIA SEEMS TO BE OF INTEREST TO BOTH RUSSIA AND ITALY.

A (Crosby) A Boh-GAL (A VIE S).
E (Wall) F NTH-Nwy, A DEN-Swe (F SKA S), F HEL-Den.
F (Knight) F MID H, A BUR-Mun, A GAS-Bur (A MAR S), S PIC-Bel.
G (Frueh) A MUN S A Kie, A KIE S RUSSIAN F Swe-Den, A Ruh-BEL (A HOL S).
I (Rauterberg) F Rom-TYH, F Nap-ION, F Ion-ALB, A Ven-TYO, A TRI S AUSTRIAN A Vie-Bud(nso),
A SER S TURKISH A Bul-Rum.
R (Scheifler) F Stp(nc)-BAR, A Mos-STP, F SWE-Den, A NWY-Swe, A BUD-Tri, A WAR-Gal,
A Rum S TURKISH A Bul-Ser(nso)(dis,r-Ukr,otb), F SEV H.
T (Burgess) A Con-ANK, F Aeg-CON, A Bul-RUM, F Eas-AEG.

Mark-Good Buddy: I know death and destruction--my death and my destruction. Bring on the wrecking ball.

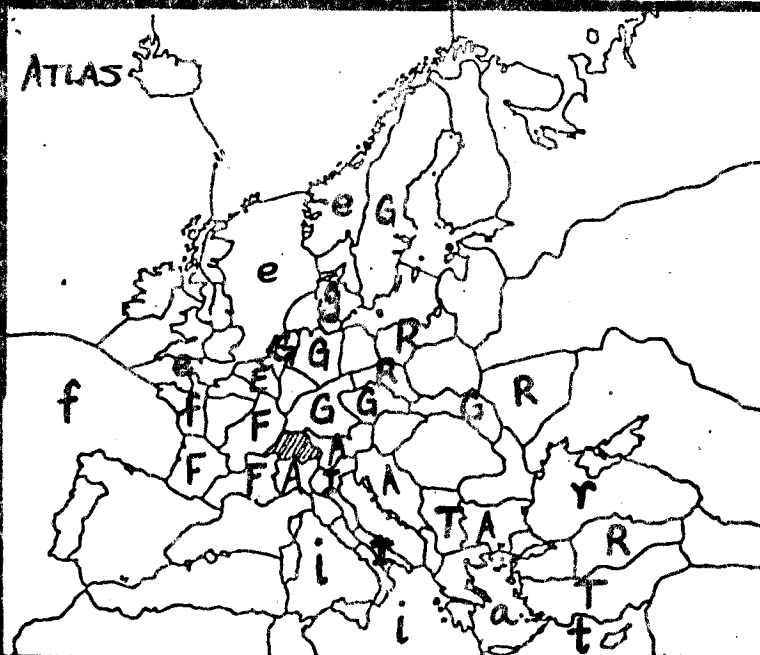
Don-James: Don't look at what my southern units are doing. It may ruin your opinion of my self-centered playing style. But then, I hear you never change your view despite any contrary evidence. Someone said "The name fits, so he wears it."

GAME NOTES: As y'all undoubtedly noticed, I cleverly covered up the due date last time when pasting together SIL. I promise to continue this tireless effort in finding new ways to fuck up. (Actually, this one should be pretty error-free, but...). Thank for putting up with all the BS. DEADLINE FOR ALL INSANITY GAMES IS: 14 SEPTEMBER 1985.

THE SEVEN SISTERS

MAPS

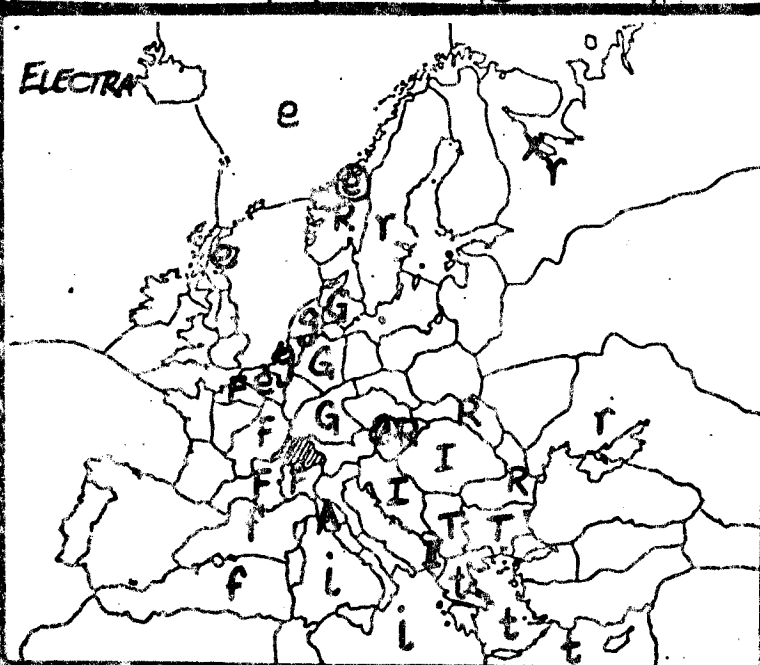
ATLAS



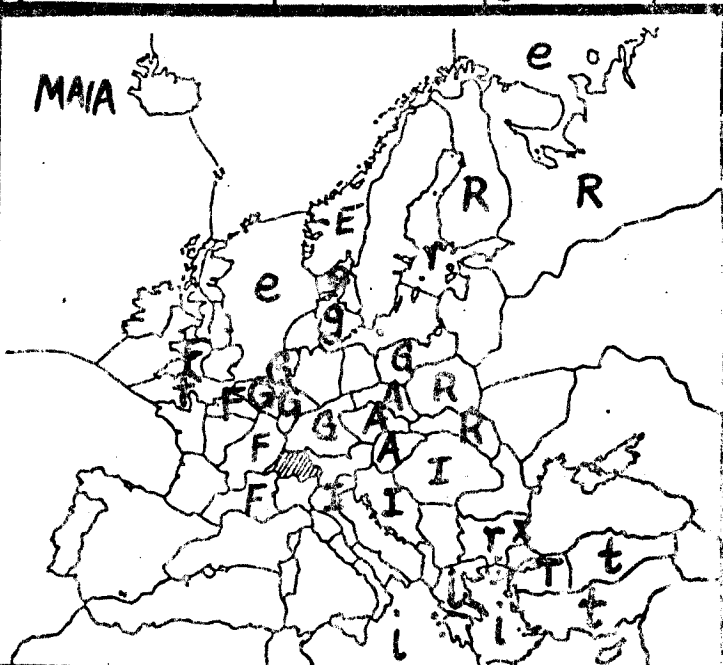
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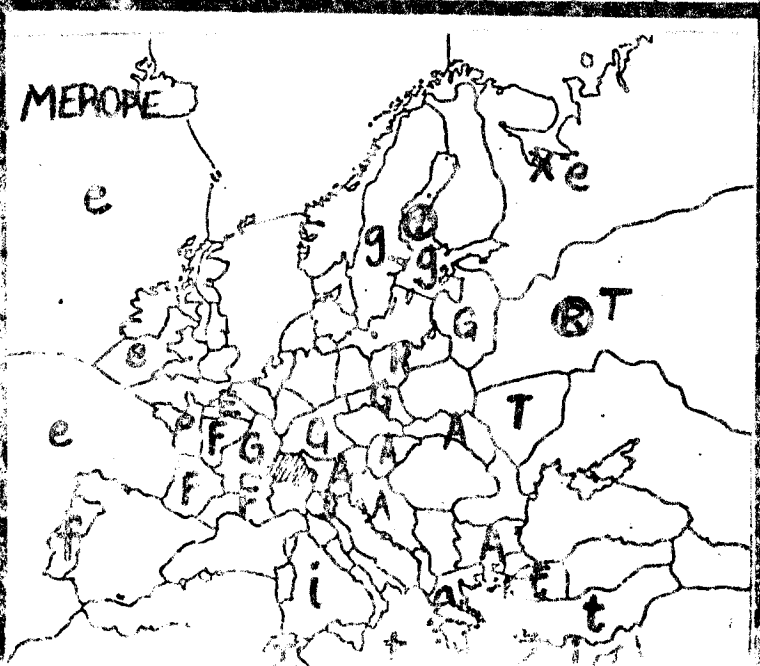
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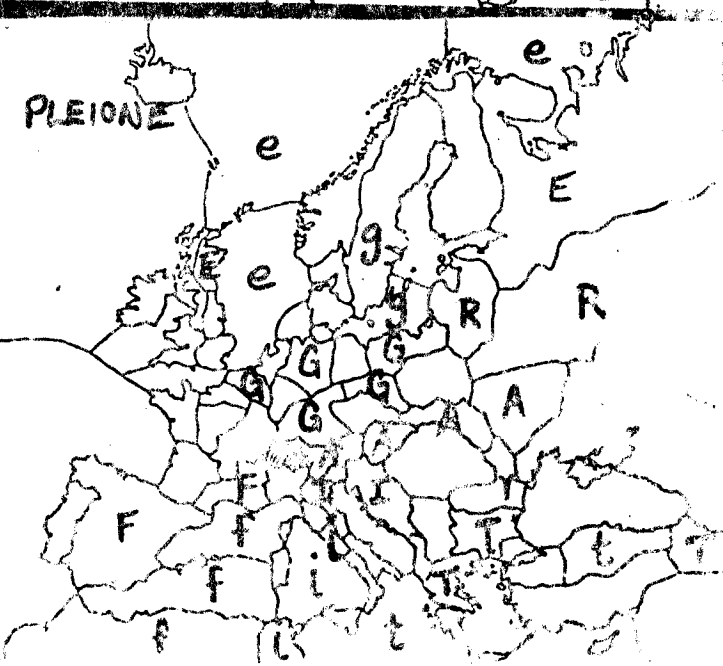
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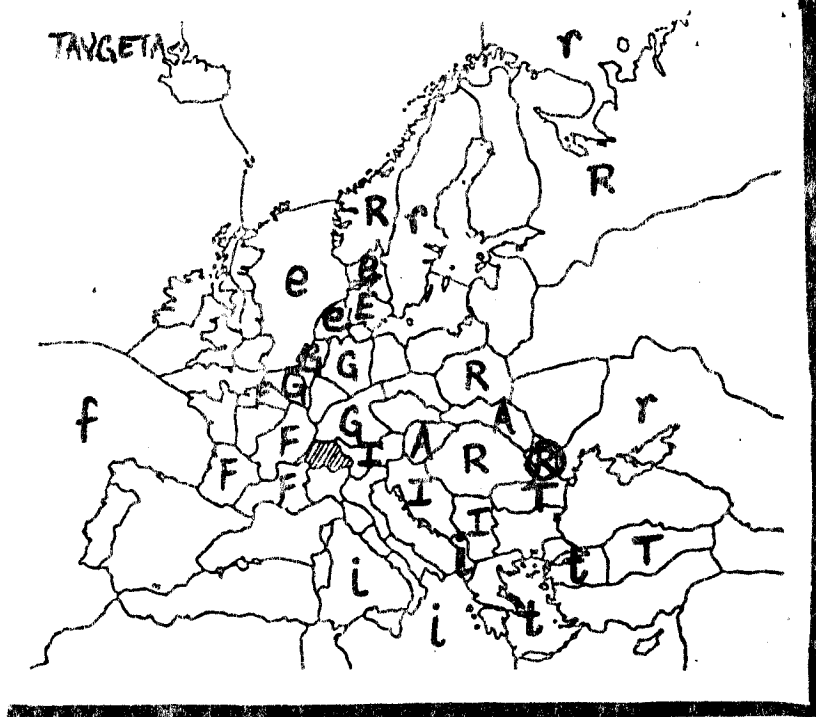


MEROPE



PLEIONE





	A	E	F	G	I	R	T
1901	31	31	34	36	32	38	26
1902	27	31	36	41	33	40	29

	JB	JC	MF	SK	PR	DS	JW
1901	34	33	27	34	33	33	34
1902	32	34	26	35	35	39	36

A reader suggested that it might make the Insanity games more interesting to follow if a few stats were thrown in. I'm not sure I'd follow something as big as this without being involved somehow, but if somebody wants to see

them, I'll oblige. The first chart shows the sum of supply centers for each countries' seven games. As you can see, Turkey got off to the worst start, managing to average LESS than 4 SCs the first year. Austria, England, and Italy averaged about 4.5, France and Germany averaged two builds apiece, and Russia had a 5.5 average. In 1902 Austria, not surprisingly, looks headed for the dumpster in a number of games. Germany and Russia are improving, and Turkey is forging a comeback. Another year or two of figures would prove more than this early stuff; perhaps I'll do another in the future. The second chart shows each players' SC total for all seven games. As expected, Mark Frueh's position shows the wear of too many captains at the helm (Mark is the third player in his positions), and the smooth talking Shyster (aka Don Scheifler) reaped the largest gains in 1902. <****0000****> Thanks to Conrad Minshall for suggesting a couple of charts--at least I know somebody will be reading this.

Big News Department. Paul (Roadworm) Ruaterberg has finally succeeded in purchasing his coveted bar here in Madison, meaning--gasp! Paul-baby is now a REAL MadLad. Add to that the possibility that Matt Fleming will be attending the UW next semester, and it looks like MadTown shall be Party&DipCentral! Meanwhile, Paul will be scrambling around, so if Mid-Life Crisis should be late, he, at least, has a good excuse. (Actually, so do I--I'm lazy.) Now, if I can just get Paul to sponser our basketball team...

Speaking of the Roadworm, I came across this cartoon in my files; it makes me think of Paul every time I see it. This is one of those beauties that was tailor-made for a small alteration.



BOTTOMS UP!
By Dale Bakken

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! As of this moment, I proclaim another issue of "Bottoms UP" is on its way out to you all, interrupted only briefly by belches, sips, potty-calls and refreshment runs. Hi...and I'm Dale Bakken. Who are you?

I've been reading a few articles lately, in various dip-zines, about people's own worst moments in sports. Most of them have been pretty well good humored and fun to read. I thought I'd try to look back over my long association with playing games and see if I could come up with an anecdote or two.

A particular bad day in my sporting life came when I was a senior in high school. I was on the Deerfield High School golf team and we had a match scheduled against Madison Queen of Apostles at Cherokee Golf Course. Of the seven or eight guys on the squad, there were four of us who all shot about equal (high 40's or low 50's for 9 holes). On this particular week of practice, the coach decided I played the best so I was our No. 1 man against Apostles.

The guy going against me (and I'll never forget his name!) was Perry Persike and I knew he was good. I'd often seen his name in the papers for low net scores for the week and it was always 2 or 3 over par. Probably a 1 or 2 handicap, which is VERY good.

Seeing as we were the visiting team, I got to go first. Right there should tell you all you want to know about how we'd end up. I drew out my driver and teed up my Pro-Flight. I took a couple more of my customary practices swings and approached the ball. Suddenly, it all came to me. Here I am! I'm No. 1! I've got to get us off to a good start. I started my backswing. Gotta prove to the coach I deserve to be his No. 1 man. I start my swing. Gotta shoot about a 47 or 48 and hope the other guys hold up. Then WHOOSH. Tick. Look down. My ball is 3 inches off the tee! Blush at my coach. And their coach.

"Let's see," their coach says. "If he tees it up again, he's hitting his third shot, right?" I look at our bench. Three of the guys are staring at something in the sky. So I look up. I don't see anything. The fourth guy, my ex-best friend, Kurt Smith, rolls off the bench he sitting on, holding his stomach in one arm, his mouth covered by his other hand and lots of loud giggles escaping from somewhere.

Boy, I tell ya, if I've ever felt small in my life—that was it. I think I ended up shooting a 57 or so and my opponent shot an above average 45. Still plenty good to beat me. The rest of our team faltered also, probably from laughing too much at every shot. I can tell this story pretty easy now, but it was hard to listen to at school the next day.

One good note about my golfing career, our team ended up 4-3 for the year and I got a letter for golf at the schools awards banquet at the end of the year. I still golf occasionally, but I sold my clubs a couple of years ago. When Marc Peters started beating me, I knew I'd had enough.

NFL Outlook: Boy, I kinda enjoy this time of the year. It's always interesting to open the sports page and see who got released, who signed with who and what not. I especially get amazed when a veteran who I thought was pretty good gets cut right away.

I've been watching the paper pretty close this year because there were 1 Wisconsin Badgers drafted last year. And then there's a kid from my old high school who is a free-agent with the Denver Broncos. I haven't seen his name but I heard a rumor (third-hand) that he didn't make it.

The Packers have a couple of Wisconsin guys in their camp. One is RB Ellison, who is looking good with the ball. The Pack has lost a couple of guys to injuries so I'd say he's got a chance. The other is QB Ken Hensley. Still's was fairly good in college but I don't know if he'll make it. They played two rookies last year in the backfield (Tim Lewis and Tom Flynn

FROM Pitt) and they had a half dozen interceptions a piece last year.
How about that sports quiz last m...? The response was overwhelming and I'm still sorting out all the letters. I'll probably skip another like that for a while but here are the answers you've been waiting for. the way, I got these Q-A's out of recent issues of the SPORTING NEWS, so there lies my source.

ANSWER NO.1: There's two outs and a runner on third. A ground ball to sh draws the 1B off the bag and the runner misses the base as well. The defensive player chases the runner down and tags him while the player on third scores. Right or wrong? The answer is wrong! The runner on third can't be counted as scored until a runner reaches first base. Even though the runner ran past first, he is ruled as not getting there. When he is tagged, he is out and no run scores on the 3rd out.

ANSWER NO. 2: A fly ball that lands on a prone player is...no call. The ball has to be in "firm possession" for it to be an out. If the player is lying down, breathes hard and the ball lands on the ground, it's in play.

ANSWER NO. 3: The bases are loaded in a tied game in the bottom of the 9t inning. There's a base hit, scoring the guy from 3rd...game's over. How you rule the players left on base? The answer is-they are counted as left base! Surprised? As the game ends, the scorebook has to "balance" and so everything is counted.

ANSWER NO. 4: A BB question. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar gets credit for a 2-poi basket that came from an out-of-bounds pass. He touched it. The clock starts. The ball goes through the hoop. It counts. But, there is no assist. An assist has to come from a pass while the ball is in play.

Well, that's it. Another fine product from me, a male prostitute. I think I'll be at PudgeCon by the time you read this so I'll either see you you'll see me. And if I don't, so what...right? Remember to keep the top your glass full and the bottom of your glass empty and you shall receive endless pleasure keeping YOUR bottoms up!

I just love Bakko having a sports column, because it me an easy chance to throw my nickel's worth in (and given my questionable sports judgement give change back!).

Bakko made reference to the number of UW Badger football players taken in the last professional draft. Actually, this is pretty much a trend as Badgers have been drafted by the various pro leagues over the last three years. Almost half are still playing. Hard to think of the UW as one of a major recruiting grounds of the nation, but that's what has happened.

A sports columnist somewhat jokingly (I think!) suggested that baseball call off the World Series if Rose breaks Cobb's record before then, as the remainder of the season would just be anti-climatic. A nice comment about the incredible hype. At the moment it sure looks like Toronto against St. Louis (sorry Kathy, but the Mets are losers!). Go Blue Jays--I'd love to see a Canadian team win the Series. Then maybe an American team can win the Stanley Cup again.



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Expletive Deleted is the only subsyn which dares ask the question "Is it live or is it Memorex". Why? Who knows? Then again, nobody questions many of the authorities these days anyway. Direct all yer bitches to me, Tom Swider (PO Box 1324; SUNY Binghamton, NY 13901), or call 'em in at (607) 729-2830 from 6 to 10 pm weeknights, pot luck on weekends. No sign of Banana Peel yet, but I don't expect much from him anyway.

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Mediocrecon IV was held on the fourth of July weekend at the same time as Madcon. As you might guess, it was mediocre. I liked it that way, a nice fairly quiet weekend with some friends. Attending were Kathy and John, Tom Mainardi and the locals (Carl, Jeff, Mike Haggett, some 10-year old brat friend of Jeff's named Scott and Dave Leskow). We spent Saturday afternoon at Dorchester Park and did some swimming and volleyball. I demonstrated my willingness to dive for the ball, including dives onto beercans resting near the net.

Two gunboat games were played. The first was noteworthy since Kathy, Mike and myself wanted to play gunboat while the others didn't. We decided to play gunboat while the others played regular dip. To make things even, the "Gunboat Players" decided to only negotiate with other gunboat players. As you can guess, the game ended in a four-way draw including only gunboat players (Francine Byrne was adopted as a gunboat player). The second gunboat game was one I GM'ed in an attempt to keep player identities a secret. Doing this cuts down the talking or cheating aspect of the game dramatically.

We also played Fictionary (a word trivia game), Trivial Pursuit (which my parents also partook) and Total Depth (a game of oil drilling). I plan on hosting MEDIOCRECON V this Labor Day weekend as an alternative to Fudgecon for those who can't make it to this Mecca of Diplomacy Cons. Write me if you're interested.

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### GAME OPENINGS:

**TREACHERY:** This is a Diplomacy variant where each turn you are allowed to write an order for one opponent's unit. A unit receiving two or more treachery orders follows its original order. The GM doesn't state which orders are real and which ones are treacherous. Signed up so far are Pat Hart, Bernie Oaklyn and Mark Freuh.

**DUNE:** The Avalon Hill game based on Frank Herbert's novel. May use Spice Harvest and The Duel rules, which will be sent to players at no cost. Signed up so far are Carl Russell, Alex Service, Mike Brown and Brian Bajuk.

**VANDALS!:** This is my latest creation, which is still under playtest. VANDALS! is a Diplomacy variant of the same complexity as Final Conflict, set in 400 a.d. during the German Barbarian migration (aka "The Fall of the Roman Empire" and the arrival of Attila the Hun). The rules will appear in Expletive Deleted as soon as I get them typed up and play it once or twice to catch any of the obvious mistakes. As this is just a playtest, no money is being charged.



\*\*\*COSTS: \$6 gamefee. \$6 NMR fee. If you've played under me before without NMRing a lot, the NMR fee is waived.

\*\*\*Please spread the word that I have openings. I can also use standby players for all of the above plus Final Conflict.

## ~~~~~ Would Pepsi Be Alright?

By Tom Swider

Americans eat somewhere near 25% of their meals out. In many cases, this happens to be at fastfood places. Having met many dippers, I'd say most of us frequent styrofoam food places more often than fine restaurants. I have always wanted to solidify my complaints about fastfood, and since Keitherwood said that he'd send Ozzie Osborne tix to me if I didn't write him an article for his rag, I felt now would be the time to do so. Then again, I'd rather see my article appear in a first class publication like SIL.

The Fastfood joint has become a part of modern American culture. A food snob like Michel Liesnard (of Chomped and Maimed fame) believes that our Beloved Big Mac is the food of barbarians. I realize that you don't get the greatest meals at these places, but if they didn't have some merit, they wouldn't be in business. I for one like fast food. Why should you go out and blow big bucks on food, when all you want is a light lunch or dinner?

Some of you who have visited Endwell may have noticed that one of our main drags has fast food places in practically every other building. A resident of the fastfood capital of the country should know what he's talking about. We have a lot of sub shops, and one of our area's favorite delicacies is the Speadie. These speadies are not of the free-base variety. Instead, they are chunks of marinated lamb, beef or in special cases venecine (aka deer meat) (yes, I think of Bambi everytime I eat venecine) which are char-broiled. At summer cookouts, they're served on sticks like a shishkabab. You have to wait sometimes for your order, but its still fastfood.

Up in the northeast, we don't have any Taco-Bells, though we've got Taco-Maker. Pizza is the norm, as are Chicken Wings. We don't have too many chilli joints, which is the biggest problem the east coast has in terms of edibles. I spent two weeks out in Cincinnati last summer, and besides screwing up my meeting arrangements with Greg "The Desperate Man" Stewart, I accidentally discovered Chilli. I don't mean that shit that Texans call chilli, I mean midwest chilli with a medium degree of spiciness. And **NO** peppers. A proper chilli isn't suppose to have chunks of peppers in it. If you're lucky to find a place that serves chilli dogs in the east coast, you will in most likelihood get a pseudo-chilli dog. A proper chilli-dog has **NO** chilli beans on it. Save the chilli beans for chilli, not chilli-dogs. I consider myself lucky to have a local red hots joint (Atafs) which serves the definitive chilli-dog. Although most cities will have local fastfood establishments dedicated to the deepfried arts, they are dominated by the Burgerkingerwhopperrchef joints. I will limit the rest of my discussion to the "In Six"; Mc Donalds, Burger King, Wendy's, Roy Rogers, Arby's and KFC. In all cases, I feel that all have made meaningful contributions to the deepfried arts, and each have their own personality (both in terms of charm and quirks) (mainly quirks).

McDonalds is no doubt the Coke of the fastfood industry. And it is no coincidence that they have an alliance with the people at Coke. ②

In the long term, they have the best advertising. I don't go there very often because of that. A few years ago I might go there because I could pick up an order of McDonaldland Cookies and a Happy Meal. Give me a break! Your typical up and coming yuppie (aka me) can't tolerate all the childish promotion. And why would I want to go to McD's? To spend time in the Ronald McDonald Playground? Of course not! Actually, a few of us went to a McD's Playground near SUNY to go down the slide and play on the teeter totter to celebrate the completion of our group project, so I guess all of us are kids at heart. But will they make the slide big enough for Woody to go down? Why should he be left out of all the fun? This sort of discrimination (discrimination against adults) is another reason I boycott McD's. Until they make their playground facilities suitable for children and adults, I'm not going there even just to use their bathrooms!

Burger King normally would be considered a class "A" food stop, but a number of very annoying factors leads me into boycotting the Burger King. I hate to boycott them because their Whoppers are about the best burger item available on the market. Burger King strikes a low blow in form of its advertising. "The Whopper Beat the Big Mac". Big F---ing Deal! Tell me something I didn't know already. I hate to be reminded of something I already know. Or "Aren't You Hungry?" Do they think I'm one of Pavlov's dogs? Just because they show a burger on TV and say "aren't you hungry" doesn't mean I'm going out right now to B.K. and start pigging out.

Its especially annoying to see just parts of their whopper sandwich. You know, they'll show a cucumber or a tomato slice. Now they show parts of a woman's body as they demonstrate ten reasons to buy their salad bar. The lady's a fox, but I hate to tell B.K. that many people hate their Pepsi style commercials where they show an eyeball of a graduating student, or the hand of a could-have-been-vice presidential candidate. If one of the ten reasons were a naked breast, I might consider lifting my boycott.

The style of commercial doesn't surprise me, as Pepsi and Burger King have an alliance against McDonalds/Coke. My feelings about Pepsi aren't too hot. This here man is a member of the older generation; the Coke Generation. Pepsi's too sweet. Between the two giants, I favor McDonalds (a lesser of two evils) for one reason only. Workers at Burger King are mindless drones. Without fail, I always ask for a Coke with my whopper at Burger King. Without fail, the salesperson will reply "Would Pepsi be alright?" Do you know how frightening the implications of this are? Maybe the Illuminati's Orbital Mind Control Lasers have taken over control of the Fast Food Chains? What sort of norms are food service chains teaching our children? Besides, Burger King's salad bar has the most spoiled looking vegetables I've seen. Bleah. Makes you want to go to a White Castle.

White Castle, incidentally, is not recognized as a fastfood place. In order to qualify as a fast food establishment, they must serve food. Their food certainly isn't good enough for celebrities, as they hope to prove to the lower-class people at which they focus their advertising. At one Byrnecon, I went with Larzelere, Barno and Bruce Censored for a snack, and one of our stops was at White Castle. We entered the place to find a very dirty floor with a flattened out cardboard box on the floor. Spanish was the prevailing language, and I had doubts that anybody working there had taken an English as a Second Language course, so we decided to make a 180° turn back towards the car.

Wendy's is a class "A" place and gets 5 plastic stars and anchors. Its clean, got one of the best varieties of eats, including Chilli. Though the chilli is a bit on the bland side, its got plenty of beef in it (that's "where's the beef" is!). Great salad bar, thick shakes, real french fries and a burger that you can sink your teeth into. ③

Can't say any bad things about Wendy's.

Same goes for Roy "Buck" Rogers, the "Fast Food You'll Want To Eat Slow". Great roast beef and fix'ins bar. Not as clean or ornate as Wendy's, but they also have fried chicken, rounding out their menu.

Kentucky Fried Chicken is underrated in most people's book. This place should be visited more frequently, as chicken is a very good food (despite the fact that fastfood chicken is deep-fried). They serve really good mashed potatoes (and good gravy), and their Chicken Nuggets are something to check out. They actually taste like chicken, unlike McD's. Good deserts, and salads and corn-on-the-cob, and even fries made with real potatoes.

My bottom line: 1st place to Wendy's, followed by Roy Rogers, KFC, McDonalds, Burger King and Arby's. And if you don't agree, make sure you vote in the SIL American Culture Poll.

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ORIGINS '85

Origins was interesting, if you think that having your reservations screwed up is your idea of high excitement. I found it highly amusing that they had Jeff Bohner's registration (which I sent in along with mine) and not mine, which included our room. After a half hour of running around and tolerating the obnoxious redneck staff running the convention, we finally got settled in. Dave Leskow took up some of our floor space, and invaded our air space. Our dear guest likes sleeping with the air conditioning on full blast, which made me freeze and gave me a sore throat. One had to take a 15 to 20 minute walk to get to the area where the Diplomacy tournament was being held, and a bus to get to the game exhibition area. Other than that, the facilities were great (note the sarcastic tone...).

I didn't play in the Dip tourney, but went there once just to see who else was around. Other postal people that made it were Ed Wrobel, Dick Martin, Brad Wilson, Doug Byrnes, Dick Warner, Jim Yerkey, Bill Thompson, Dan Palter, Don Del Grande (who forgot the Endwell contingent showed up despite I sat next to him at the hobby meeting; how's that for leaving a lasting impression?), Brian Lorber, Jack Brawner and Frank Jones. I came down with Tom Mainardi, which is our usual working arrangement.

Instead of playing Dip, I found myself playing in the Dune tournament and came away with second place. Or at least my best estimate is that I came in second. In round one, we played the best game of Dune ever. It was very well played, as everybody had their moments of glory. I as House Harkonnen made two shots at the win, and was in the best position when time was called based upon my hand (including a monopoly on shields!) and the stable of captured leaders I had accumulated.

The final (second) round began at 8:00 am Saturday, with 6 fairly unawake players. My Guild was the victim of a poor sport who (as Harkonnen) did the Karama card swap with me to avoid being voiced to play his lasgun (which was later ruled illegal). He entered a combat with the Bene Gesserits to extoll some revenge for what he thought was cheating during the game (Atreides and the BG made some private deals which were unenforcable) and wanted to win this battle at all costs, even if it meant ruining the game for his ally (ie: me). After he lost the battle due to Feyd Rautha being a BG traitor, he got up and left the game. I almost came back to force a stalemate (Guild wins if no other player can win) but the Atriedes saved a Karama card to stop me from taking my turn whenever I want. After the creep who ruined my game left, the wife of the Fremen player assumed the position, and we

decided that 2nd through 4th places would each donate \$2 of their \$8 awards to whoever came in 5th, and that Harkonnen was ineligible for prizes (which wasn't necessary as Harkonnen was in sad shape at that point). I felt a little bad about losing out on a plaque, as I was so close and played a good game. Oh well, guess you have to grin and bear it.

I picked up a bunch of new games, all of which will eventually get reviewed here. Briefly--Supremacy (six player economic and nuclear war game) Spanish Main (2-6 player game of piracy) Total Depth (oil/money game) and Hannibal (2 player game of the 2nd Punic War). The first three games set me back \$30 bucks each, and Hannibal cost \$12. They are all games playable in an evening, so I will definitely get my money's worth.

We managed to get enough for a gunboat game of Abstraction on Saturday evening. I think its a good game, though long. The convoy rules are interesting, but I totally disagree with the fact that a single fleet attack is enough to abort a boarding attempt. The fact that Fred Davis didn't make the Aegean and the sea space immediately below it touch one another slows the game down. Carl liked it because he got a 2-way as Turkey, while Mainardi thought it had too many spaces. The numerous spaces disallow stalemates and allow decisive victories to those striking first.

I also started another trend. First it was TITAN. Now its winecoolers. I purchased some wine coolers when we made a beer run for Saturday evening, and they were a hit. Now I'm addicted to them. They are fairly expensive (\$5.50 at the con, though I found them locally for only \$3.05 per four-pack). "Those wine coolers are worth more than TEN legions of Sardaukar!"

Origins '86 will be held out in Los Angeles. Guess who won't be able to make it?

~~~~~  
**PDO RELIEF AUCTION 3**

Don't forget to participate in the PDORA 3, as it is important for us to sustain the various hobby services out there. Most of these custodians don't pay their bills just on their good looks alone, but through donations from those who get the benefits of these services; the hobby in general.

If you want to donate an item to the auction, **DO NOT SEND IT TO ME!** Send me a description of the item and a minimum/maximum price on it. Also mention if you will pay postage or if the high bidder pays postage.

Word on PDORA 3 has been leaking out slowly, so I will be extending the deadline for submissions to September 30, 1985. I know this is a long time, but we're not in too big a hurry. Part of the problem is in the fact that a major hobby publisher whom I've had a minor incident with in the past doesn't have faith in me acting in an impartial manner. This person has been known for over-reacting to anything that might happen. All I can do is to continue as planned and prove him/her wrong.

Publishers: PLEASE SPREAD THE WORD ABOUT PDORA 3!

## PLEIADES FALL 2107

AUS: Bob Olsen (6818 Winterberry Circle; Wichita, KS 67226)  
 BRA: Nelson Heintzman (2255 Delaware Ave #C-4; Buffalo, NY 14216)  
 CHI: Mark Strouthes (Box 149; Norwich University Russian School;  
 Northfield, VT 05663)  
 RUS: Steve Arnawoodian (602 Hemlock Circle; Lansdale, PA 19446)  
 SAF: Brad Wilson (302 Friendship Drive; Paoli, PA 19301)  
 GM: Tom Swider (PO Box 1324; SUNY Binghamton, NY 13901)

Spring 2107 retreats: CHI: f yel-r-KOR; a pak-r-IND.

Fall 2107 orders:

AUS: f mwp-NWP/s p PHI f PHI/; f swp-MWP; f CHS-yel; f BER-U; f VIE &  
 a ADE-h; f JAV-chs.  
 BRA: f los-MEX(wc)/s f MEP/; f SEP-s-f mep; f QUE-h/s p DAL/;  
 f nea-MOR, p sen-MAU; f swa-MWA; a ALA f SEN n AMA n MAT-h.  
 CHI: a sin-KAZ; \*a ind-pak(r: sin,bur,otb); f KOR-yel; f PEK-man.  
 RUS: a pak-IND/s p SAU/; f nwp-KAM; f SOJ & a MAN-vla; f YEL-man  
 /s p KAM/; f teh-PAK/s p BAG/; a bag-TEH; a SOM-h/s a SAU/;  
 f nep-HAW; a cha-ZAI/s p LIB/; f ice-NWG; f lab-NEA/s f ENG/;  
 f hud-LAB; n MOS & n OMS-h.  
 SAF: NMR! Has a's \*zai(r: sud,ivo,otb), KEN, ANG, ZAM f's PSG, NWI,  
 SEI, SWI, MEA.

Gross Nation Products for Fall 2107:

AUS (7 SC's) PER ade dar MEL SYD BRI neg BOR MAL VIE phi  
 \$25 inc + \$3 saved - \$27 maint = \$1 to spend  
 BRA (13 SC's) RIO SAL BEL AMA mat arg bol COL VEN gui cen mex dal neb  
 LOS CHI NEW QUE SEN MOR mau alb ALA  
 \$48 inc + \$4 saved - \$32 maint = \$20 to spend  
 CHI (2 SC's) PEK ZHA CAN sin bur kor kaz  
 \$10 inc + \$0 saved - \$12 maint = Owes \$2 (or remove 1 unit)  
 RUS (17 SC's) haw JAP kam VLA sib OMS MAN mon ARK MOS pol HUN sca  
 ice ENG GER fra IBE alg nig lib cha ZAI SOM EGY SAU TEH BAG pak  
 IND kur syr tur bal sas.  
 \$69 inc + \$3 saved - \$59 maint = \$13 to spend  
 SAF (5 SC's) NEZ CAP NAM bot RHO MOZ zam ken ang ivo sud  
 \$21 inc + \$1 saved - \$22 maint = Owes \$5 (or remove 2 units)

Nuclear News: Sum recovers this turn. Mex recovers for W'08.  
 Still Neutral: sum ita mad gre MZX.

\*\*\*Would Mark Freuh (4729-A Morganford Road #6; St Louis, MO 63116)  
 please submit (again) standby orders for South Africa?

| Both draws fail: | YES | NO | NVR (N) | NMR (Y) |
|------------------|-----|----|---------|---------|
| R                | 2   | 2  | 0       | 1       |
| B/R              | 2   | 2  | 0       | 1       |
| DIAS             | 1   | 1  | 2       | 1       |

\*\*\*A B/R draw is repropoed.

WINTER 2107 ORDERS ARE DUE: July 20, 1985

CHINA TO WORLD: June 30 is International Laugh At Brazil Day. Mark it on your calendars.

CHINA TO BRAZIL: I laugh at your so-called "strategy". I hope you enjoy losing.

ARIES: "Gee Mark, that's not very nice!" (P?) (Pat Pake! for the uninitiated).

- 1) Russia's GNP information was omitted.
- 2) Russia was erroneously listed as owning Kaz, where China now owns it.
- 3) SHA was devastated this turn, but counted as Chinese income.
- 4) The due date is changed by a few days to allow any last minute changes due to these mistakes. Please send in orders immediately if you wish to change orders.
- 5) Units missing on map, now included on map. Throw old adjudication out

WORLD DISTRIBUTION OF  
19 BIRD SPECIES

[illegible]

# PHOENIX

# SPRING 2107

AUS: Nelson Heintzman (2255 Delaware Ave #C-4; Buffalo, NY 14216)  
 PAL: Mark Freuh (4729-A Morganford Road #6; St Louis, MO 63116)  
 SAF: Mark Susko (15 Longview Ave; Binghamton, NY 13905)  
 USA: Dave Anderson (PO Box 3761; Pontiac, MI 48059)  
 OM: Tom Swider (PO Box 1324; SUNY Binghamton, NY 13902)

## Spring 2107 Orders:

AUS: No units. Will be eliminated next turn. Also (technically) NMR.  
 PAL: n GER-h; n MOS-l-BEL; n hun-l-MAL; a can-VIE/s p CAN; a mor-HAI  
 /s p ENG/; a som-KEN; a ven-ama(a!); a sin-IND/s p PEK; a man-PEK;  
 a sib-MON; f mwa-CAR; f nea-NWA; f psq-NWI; f jap-NWP; p lon-SHA  
 SAF: f nep-ALA; f sep-COL; f swa-ARG; f mea-SWA; f sea-MEA; f nam-DEB;  
 f cap-SWI; f BOR-che(che is imp this turn); f per-ADE; f nat-SUP;  
 n cap-l-HAI; a SEN a ZAI n RHO p NAM \*f ind(r:nei,boh,Sum,Pak,sep,  
 otb) \*p ind(r:Bur,Sum,Moz,Mad,otb) \*f vie(ann) f mal(a!) a BEL  
 all hold.  
 USA: n new-l-TEH; n col-l-VEN; f los-ALB; f haw-nep(a!); f col-CEN;  
 f rio-SAL; a BEL-h(a!).

Ill-gotten gains: PAL: mau,VIE,ken,IND SAF: ALA,COL,arg,ade USA:alb

\*\*\*Both draws fail. P/S fails 1 NO 2 YES 1 NMR (YES). P/S/U fails 2  
 NO 1 YES 1 NMR. No new draws were proposed.

\*\*\*With seven supply centers nuked, the victory conditions are reduced  
 down by three to 21 centers. If one of the two remaining nukes are  
 launched, it will be reduced to 20 centers.

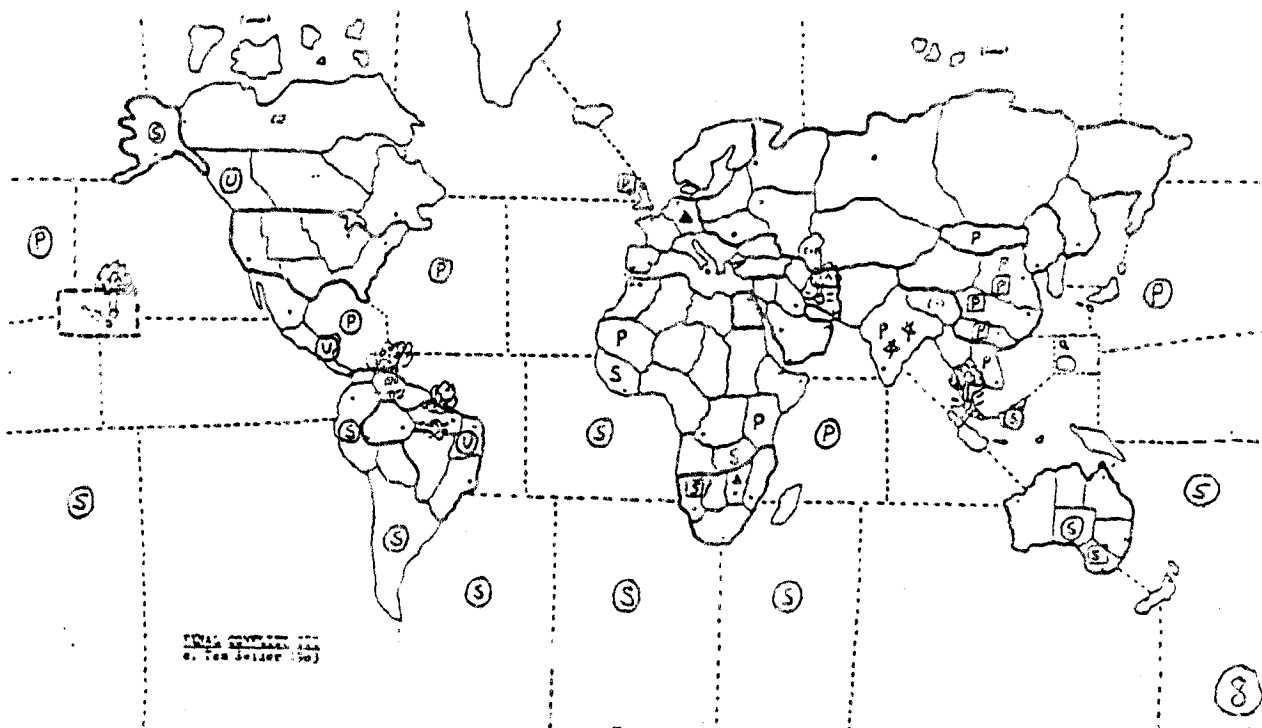
FALL 2107 ORDERS ARE DUE: August 10, 1985  
 PRESS:

USA to PAL: I always wanted to nuke Iran. Oh, what a good feeling  
 it is.

MARK to TOMMY: I feel positively wicked! Or is it radioactive--  
 look Ma--no more night light needed for me.

MARK to DAVE: Under threat of nuclear attack (like Chicago) St  
 Louis has moved Southwest to the Red River of Oklahoma. Also learning  
 to speak Arabic.

## CURRENT POSITIONS





After MadCon III, July became a blah month. But, that wasn't too surprising with the way June swept by with MinneCon, vacation and MadCon. With the vacation article, I did not have room to mention that people wrote in about the herb garden article (from SiL #7, Debi's Filler #6). Kathy Byrne wanted any other suggestions about keeping pets away from plants. Jim-Bob Burgess suggested catnip plants to draw attention away from other plants. And another one is to close curtains over plants kept in windows when no one is home. I should warn anyone starting herb garden from seed...don't take vacations. New seedlings need daily attention and I lost most of the plants started this way. I bought more developed plants to replace the ones I lost instead of starting seeds again. Another idea to use herbs or other plants is as gifts. They come in real handy when there isn't enough time to buy something or there isn't a clue as to what to buy. I have already done this twice and for those two reasons.

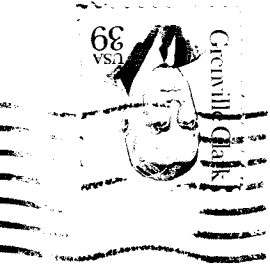
The herb garden is my last domestic project before going back to school, but going back to school turned out to be more of a dilemma than I had anticipated. After being out for over a year, I was surprised my self-motivation was so low. The newly assumed responsibilities of taking care of Lisa and running a household, instead of an apartment dwelling, must have had its effects. The first time I went back to school, it was only Marc and me. We had just got married and I was so dissatisfied with my job, there had to be a change. This last time my discontinuation was not of my choice and I had to make the most of the situation, which perhaps turned out too well--I keep thinking up reasons not to continue. And, I only have two classes left! Even after a long conversation with Marc, while I poured out my concerns of things falling apart and he reassured me that everything will be alright, there is still a lingering fear. But, it didn't keep me from registering and I'm sure once I start it will disappear. However, after this experience, I can appreciate why both men and women have difficulty returning to school.

As I mentioned, July was a blah month because of school and no upcoming trips. Marc and I redeemed the month by buying a new van on July 30. Actually, we didn't plan to buy anything when we went out shopping. We were just going to do a little looking around. But, after finding a Honda wagon would take five months for delivery and debating whether it would be big enough to take to different cons, we decided this one particular van would be our best deal. We are now the proud owners of a Toyota van, which in a couple of weeks will be complete with "SOILIE" plates. We could only get six letters but the message is still there for people in the know. Our first long distance expedition will be PudgeCon. I hope to see you there. And, no matter what Marc says about me getting a big head (other than his) because people like "Debi's Filler"...don't believe him.



Barry Peary  
P. O. Box 8416

I LIED!  
bi and Marc Peters  
14 Cameron Dr. #3  
dison WI 53711



# SO I LIED

[illegible]